

Queene And take my heart with thee.
She kisseth him.

Suff. A ieuell lockt into the wofullst caske,
That euer yet containd a thing of worth,
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we:
This way fall I to death.

Queene This way for me.
Enter King and Salisbury, and then the curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, raving and staring as if he were mad.

Car. O death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole yeare,
Ile giue thee as much gold as wil purchase such another land.

King Oh see my lord of Salisbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed?
What would you haue me to do then?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary sent
Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghost doth stand, (me:
And stares me in the face: looke, look, combe down his haire,
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Salf. See how the pangs of death doth gripe his heart,
King Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly blisse,
Hold vp thy hand, and make some signe to vs.

The Cardinall die.
Oh see, he dies, and makes no signe at all,
Oh God forgiue his soule.

Sals. So bad an end did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King Forbeare to iudge, good Salisbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all:
Go take him hence, and see his funeralls be performde.

Alarmer within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the captaine of the shippe and the Master, and the Masters mate, and the duke of Suff.
folke

houses, of Yorke and Lancaster.

folke disguised, and others with him, and Walter Whicke-
more.

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,
Vnlade their goods with speed, and sincke their ship,
Here master, this prisoner I giue to you:
This other, the Masters Mate shall haue,
And Walter Whickemore, thou shalt haue this man,
And let them pay their ransomes ere they passe.

Suff. Walter! *he starteth.*
Walter How now, what doest thou feare me?

Thou shalt haue better cause anon.
Suff. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe:

I do remember well, a cunning wifard told me,
That by Walter I should die:
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded,
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Walter.

Walter Gualter or Walter, all's on to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suff. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shall be paid.

Walter I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I marchant-like sell bloud for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2 Priso. But what shall our ransomes be?

Master A hundreth pounds a peece, either pay that, or die.

2 Priso. Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

Walter Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome
I wil haue.

Suff. Stay villaine, thy prisoner is a prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poole.

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags?

Suf. Yea sir, but these rags are no part of the duke,
Ioue sometime went disguise, and why not I?

Cap. Yea but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

Suff. Base Iady groome, King Henries bloud,
The honorable bloud of Lancaster,